

L E S S O N S

FOR

(3)

C H I L D R E N

F R O M

HREE TO FOUR YEARS OLD.

L O N D O N :

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L E S S O N S

FOR CHILDREN,

FROM THREE TO FOUR YEARS OLD

C H A R L E S, here are
more stories for you,---
stories about good boys, and

B 2 naughty

naughty boys, and silly boys; for you know what it is to be good now. And there is a story about two foolish Cocks that were always quarrelling, which is very naughty. You do not quarrel? No. I am glad of it; but if you see any little boys that quarrel you may tell them

3; them the story of the Two
be Cocks. This is it :

ory There was once a Hen who
hat lived in a farm-yard, and she
ich had a large brood of chickens.
not She took a great deal of care
of them, and gathered them
ttle under her wings every night,
tel and fed them, and nursed them

very well: and they were all very good, except two Cocks, that were always quarrelling with one another. They were hardly out of the shell before they began to peck at each other; and when they grew bigger they fought till they were all bloody. If one picked

up

up a barley-corn the other
 always wanted to have it.
 They never looked pretty, be-
 cause their feathers were pulled
 off in fighting till they were
 quite bare; and they picked
 at one another's eyes till they
 were both almost blind. The
 old Hen very often told them

how naughty it was to quarrel
so; but they did not mind
her.

So one day these two Cocks
had been fighting, as they al-
ways did; and the biggest
Cock, whose name was Chan-
ticleer, beat the other, and
crowed over him, and drove
him

him quite out of the yard.
 The Cock that had been beat
 slunk away and hid himself;
 for he was vexed he had been
 conquered, and he wanted
 badly to be revenged; but he
 did not know how to manage
 it, for he was not strong
 enough himself. So, after

B 5 thinking

thinking a great deal, he
 went to an old sly Fox that
 lived near, and said to him
 Fox, if you will come with
 me I will shew you where
 there is a large fat Cock in
 a farm-yard, and you may
 eat him up if you will. The
 Fox was very glad, for he was
 hungry

he hungry enough; and he said,
 Yes, I will come with all
 my heart, and I will not
 leave a feather of him. So
 they went together, and the
 Cock shewed Reynard the
 way into the farm-yard; and
 there was poor Chanticleer
 asleep upon the perch. And

the Fox seized him by the neck, and ate him up; and the other Cock stood by and crowed for joy. But when the Fox had done, he said, Chanticleer was very good, but I have not had enough; and so he flew upon the other Cock, hi

he Cock, and ate him up too in
a moment.

I will tell you a story.

There was a little boy
whose name was Harry; and
his papa and mamma sent
him

him to school. Now Harry was a clever fellow, and loved his book; and he got to be first in his class. So his mamma got up one morning very early and called Betty the maid, and said, Betty, I think we must make a cake for Harry, for he has

has learned his book very well. And Betty said, Yes, with all my heart. So they made a nice cake. It was very large, and stuffed full of plums and sweetmeats, orange and citron; and it was iced all over with sugar: it was white and smooth on the

the

the top like snow. So this cake was sent to the school. When little Harry saw it he was very glad, and jumped about for joy, and he hardly stayed for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a little dog. So he ate till the bell rang for school, and after

his after school he ate again, and
 ate till he went to bed;
 may, his bed-fellow told me
 that he laid his cake under
 his pillow, and sat up in the
 night to eat some. So he
 ate till it was all gone.—
 But presently after this little
 boy was very sick and ill,
 and

and every body said, I wonder what is the matter with Harry — he used to be so brisk, and play about more nimbly than any of the boys; and now he looks pale and is very ill. And somebody said, Harry has had a rich cake, and eat it all up very soon.

son, and that has made him
l. So they sent for Dr.
famoinile, and he gave him
do not know how much
tter stuff. Poor Harry did
ot like it at all, but he was
rced to take it, or else he
ould have died, you know,
at last he got well again,
but

but his mamma said she
would send him no more
cakes.

Now there was another
boy, who was one of Harry's
school-fellows: his name was
Peter; the boys used to
call him Peter Careful. And
Peter had written his mamma

a ver

very neat pretty letter---
 there was not one blot in
 all. So his mamma sent
 him a cake. Now Peter
 thought with himself, I will
 not make myself sick with
 his good cake, as filly Harry
 did; I will keep it a great
 while. So he took the cake,
 and

and tugged it up stairs. It was very heavy: he could hardly carry it. And he locked it up in his box, and once a day he crept slyly up stairs, and ate a very little piece, and then locked his box again. So he kept it several weeks, and it was not

gone

gone, for it was very large;
out, behold! the mice got
into his box and nibbled
some. And the cake grew
dry and mouldy, and at
last was good for nothing
at all. So he was obliged
to throw it away, and it
grieved him to the very heart,
and

and no body was sorry for him.

Well; there was another little boy at the same school whose name was Billy. And one day his mamma sent him a cake, because she loved him dearly, and he loved her dearly. So when the cake

came

came, Billy said to his school-
 fellows I have got a cake,
 come let us go and eat it.
 So they came about him like
 a parcel of bees; and Billy
 took a slice of cake himself,
 and then gave a piece to one,
 and a piece to another, and
 piece to another, till it was
 C almost

almost gone. Then Billy put
 the rest by, and said, I
 will eat it to-morrow. So he
 went to play, and the boys
 all played together very merrily.
 But presently after an
 old blind Fiddler came into
 the court: he had a long
 white beard; and, because he

was blind, he had a little
 dog in a string to lead him.
 So he came into the court,
 and sat down upon a stone,
 and said, My pretty lads,
 if you will, I will play you
 a tune. And they all left
 off their sport, and came and
 stood round him. And

Billy saw that while he played the tears ran down his cheeks. And Billy said, Old man, why do you cry? And the old man said, Because I am very hungry---I have nobody to give me any dinners or suppers---I have nothing in the world but this little

little dog; and I cannot work.

If I could work I would.

Then Billy went without

saying a word, and fetched

the rest of his cake which

he had intended to have

eaten another day, and he

said, Here, old man! here

is some cake for you. The

old man said, Where is it?
for I am blind, I cannot see
it. So Billy put it into his
hat. And the Fiddler thank-
ed him, and Billy was more
glad than if he had eaten ten
cakes.

Pray which do you love
best?

(3¹)

best? do you love Harry, or
Peter, or Billy best?

Little boy, come to me.
Tell me how far from home
have you been in your life?
I think I should like to go
a great long way with you,

C 4 and

and see what we could see:
for there are a great many
places in the world besides
home. Bring your hat.
Good-bye, Papa. Farewell,
Billy, and Harry, and every
body. We are going a great
way off. And we shall go
down the lane, and through
the

the church-yard, and by the
 corner house, and over the
 stile, till we have got quite
 into the fields. How pretty
 the fields will look! for it
 will be summer days again
 before we go. And there
 will be yellow flowers, and
 white flowers, and grafs,

and trees, and hedges; and the grasshoppers will chirp, chirp, under our feet. Do not try to catch them; it will only hinder us, and we have a great way to go.

Pray what are those pretty creatures that look so meek and good-natured, and have

for

nd soft thick white wool upon
 P their backs, like a great coat,
 Do and make a noise like the
 vill little baby when it cries?

ave Those are sheep and lambs.

And what are those creatures
 etty with horns, that are bigger
 eek than the sheep? Some of
 nave them are black, and some

sof C 6 red:

red: they make a loud noise,
but they do not look as if
they would hurt any body.
Those are cows that give
milk. Stroke them. Poor
cows! Stand still and look
back. Now we cannot see
papa's house at all; and we
can see only the top of the
church

se, church steeple. Let us go

if a little farther. Now look

ly. back. Now we cannot see

ive the church at all. Farewell!

oor We are going a great way.

ok Shall we ever come back

see again? Yes, we shall come

we back again; but we must

the go

rch

go on now. Come, make haste.

What is that tall thing that has four great arms which move very fast? I believe if I was near it they would strike me down. It is a Wind-mill. Those arms are the sails. The wind turns

ke turns them round. And

what is a wind-mill for?

ng It is to grind corn. You

ms could have no bread if the

I corn were not ground. Well,

ey but here is a river: how shall

It we do to get over it? Why

ms do not you see how those

nd ducks do? they swim over.

rns But

But I cannot swim. Then
you must learn to swim.
I believe: it is too wide to
jump over. O here is a
Bridge! Somebody has made
a bridge for us quite over
the river. That somebody
was very good, for I do not
know what we should have
done

done without it; and he was
 very clever too. I wonder
 how he made it. I am sure
 could not make such a
 bridge.

Well, we must go on, on,
 on; and we shall see more
 rivers, and more fields, and
 towns bigger than our town
 a great

a great deal---large towns
 and fine churches, streets and
 people-----more than there
 is at the fair. And we shall
 have a great many high hills
 to climb. I believe I must
 get somebody to carry the
 little boy up those high hills
 And sometimes we shall go
 through

through dusty sandy roads ;
 and sometimes through green
 lanes, where we shall hear
 the birds sing. Sometimes
 we shall go over wide com-
 mons, where we shall see no
 trees, nor any house ; and
 large heaths, where there
 is hardly any grass---only
 some

some purple flowers, and a
few black nosed little sheep.
Ha! did you see that pretty
brown creature that ran across
the path? Here is another;
and look! there is another;
there are a great many. They
are Rabbits. They live here
and make themselves house

in the ground. This is a
rabbit-warren.

Now we are come amongst
a great many trees---more
trees than there are in the
orchard by a great many;
and taller trees. There is
oak, and ash, and elm.
This is a Wood. What great
boughs

boughs the trees have! like
thick arms. The sun can-
not shine amongst the trees
they are so thick. Look
there is a squirrel! jumping
from one tree to another. He
is very nimble. What a pret-
ty tail he has!

Well

Well; when we have
gone on a great many days,
through a great many fields
and towns, we shall come to
great deep water, bigger a
great many times than the
river, for you can see over
the river, you know---you
can see fields on the other
side:

side: but this is so large
and so wide, you can see
nothing but water, water
as far as ever you can carry
your eyes. And it is not
smooth, like the river; it
is all rough, like the great
pot in the kitchen when it is
boiling. And it is so deep

ge it would drown you if you
 fee were as tall as two church
 ter steeples. I wonder what
 arry they call this great water!
 no there is an old, old fisher-
 i man, sitting upon a stone
 rea drying himself; for he is
 it i very wet. I think we will
 eep ask him. Pray, fisherman,
 D what

what is this great water?

It is the Sea: did you never hear of the sea? What! is this great water the same sea that is in our map at home?

Yes, it is. Well, this is very strange! we are come to the sea that is in our map. But it is very little in the map.

map. I can lay my finger
 over it. Yes; it is little in
 the map, because every thing
 is little in the map: the towns
 are little, and the rivers are
 little.

Pray, Fisherman, is there
 any thing on the other side
 of this sea? Yes; fields,

and towns, and people. Will you go and see them? I should like to go very well; but how must we do to get over? for there is no bridge here. Do not you see those great wooden boxes that swim upon the water? They are bigger than all papa's house.

house. There are tall poles
in the middle, as high as a
tree. Those are masts.

See! now they are spread-
ing the sails. Those white

sheets are the sails. They
are like wings. These

wooden boxes are like houses
with wings. Yes, and I will

tell you what, little boy!
they are made on purpose to
go over the sea; and the
wind blows them along faster
than a horse can trot. What
do they call them? They
call them Ships. You have
seen a ship in a picture.
Shall we get in? What have
those

those men in the ship got on?
they have jackets and trow-
fers on, and checked shirts.

They are sailors. I think
we will make you a sailor;
and then instead of breeches
you must have a pair of
trousers. Do you see that
sailor, how he climbs up the

D 4 ropes?

ropes? He is very nimble.
He runs up like a monkey.
Now he is at the top of the
mast. How little he looks!
But we must get in. Come,
make haste: they will not
stay for us. What are you
doing? picking up shells!
We must get into a boat
first,

first, because the ship is not
near enough. Now we are
in.

Now we are upon the
great sea. Blow, blow wind!
Sail away ship! There are
little rooms in the ship.
Those little rooms are called
cabins. Let us walk about,

and look at the ship. Why, you cannot walk steady: I am afraid you are tipsy! Because the ship rolls about. But the sailors can walk steady. The sea is not like the river; it is greenish. Well; here is water enough if we should be thirsty. Yes, here

y, is water enough; but you
 I would not like to drink it.
 Be- It is salt and bitter. You
 ut. could not drink it. How
 alk fast we go! Now the fields
 the are a great way off. Now
 ell; we cannot see any green
 we fields at all, nor any houses,
 here nor any thing but the great

deep water. It is water all
round as far as ever we can
see. Yes, and sky; we can
see the sky too. All sky over
our heads, and all water
every where round us! Do
not be afraid, little boy!
Blow, blow, wind! sail
away ship! I see some
things

all things in the sea at a great
an distance. Those are more
an ships and boats. How very
ver small they are! they look
ter like nut shells in a great
Do pond. O, Now we are com-
py! ing to the green fields and
fail towns on the other side of
me the sea! I can see them a
ngs little.

little. Now I can see them very plain. And here is a little piece of green land, with the water running all round it. That is an island. A piece of land with water all round it, is an island. But we are not going there; we are going to the great land.

Now

m Now we are at the land,
a Get out of the ship. Pray
d, what country is this? This
all is France. France! why
nd. France is in the map too.
ter And pray what is the name
nd. of that country we came
re; from, where we live, and
nd. where papa lives? It is
low England.

England. And the deep sea is between France and England? Yes, you know it is so in the map.

O, France is a pretty place. It is warmer than our country: and here are pretty flowers, and fine fruit, and large grapes. I never saw such

such large grapes in all my
life. And the vines grow in
the fields; they do not grow
against walls, as our vines
do. And there are a great
many people, men, and wo-
men, and little boys and
girls, singing, and dancing
about, and so merry! no-
thing

thing can be like it. I think
 we will live here, and send
 for papa and Arthur. Let
 us go and talk with those
 people. Here, you little
 girl! pray give us some of
 your nice fruit. *Serviteur*
Monfieur. What do you say
 little girl? I do not under-
 stand

ink stand you. I cannot help
end that. Here is an old man
Let cutting the vines; we will
nos speak to him. Pray, old
ttle man, will you give us some
e of your fruit? We are come
teu a great way to see you.
say *Serviteur Monsieur.* What do
der you say? We do not know
tan what

what *Serviteur Monsieur* is,
 It is French. But we do not
 understand French. I can-
 not help that; you must go
 home and learn. And why
 do you speak French? Be-
 cause this is France. Did
 not you know that every
 body speaks French in
 France?

France? Ha, ha, ha! He
he, he! Ho, ho, ho, ho!
Here is a foolish little boy
come a great way over the
sea, and does not know that
every body speaks French in
France. Ha, ha, ha! He,
he, he! Ho, ho, ho!
Here is a foolish little boy
come

come a great way over the
 sea, and does not know that
 every body speaks French in
 France. Ha, ha ha! Ho
 he, he! Ho, ho, ho!--
 What shall we do, little
 boy? every body laughs at
 us; and all the little birds
 twitter and chirp at us.

the will go home again. Fare-
 that well, France! We will not
 h in go to France again till papa
 Ho has taught us to talk French.
 !--- let us get into the ship
 little gain. Blow, wind! sail
 ns a way, ship! Now we are
 bird not back again. Pray, papa,
 We teach the little boy French
 will before

before he goes a great way
abroad again.

You know how many
legs a Horfe has? Yes,
Horfe has four legs. And
do you know what an ani-
mal is called that has four
legs

legs? It is called a Qua-
 druped. The Cow is a
 quadruped; and the Dog,
 and the Lion, and all the
 beasts. But birds are not
 quadrupeds, for they have
 only two legs. Some qua-
 drupeds have hoofs. The
 Horse has hoofs; so has the

E

Afs

Afs, and the Cow : but the
 Dog has no hoofs ; the Dog
 has toes with claws ; so the
 Dog is not hoofed, but digi-
 tated ; and the Cat, and
 the Squirrel, and a great
 many more are digitated.
 The hoof of the horse is
 whole, it is all in one piece ;
 but

but the hoof of the Cow is parted, as if it were two hoofs. That is being cloven-footed; the hoof is cloven. The Cow, and the Sheep, and the Hog, and the Stag, are all cloven-footed; but the Horse, and the Ass, have whole hoofs.

The Afs says, I am a
Quadruped; I am a very
patient good creature. I
have hoofs, and very long
ears: I bray very loud. The
horse is frightened when I
bray, and starts back; but
I am

I am very meek, and never hurt any thing. My young ones are colts: I suckle them. I am not so big as a horse, and I cannot gallop fast, but I work very hard. Sometimes I carry little boys on my back, two or three at a time, and they whip

me, and prick my sides, to make me go faster. I carry greens to market, and turnips, and potatoes; and sometimes I carry a great load of pans, and mugs, and pots, with which my back is almost broke; and I get nothing for my dinner but
a few

a few prickly thistles, and some coarse grass from off the common : and I have no stable to go into as a Horse has ; I always lie out in the fields, in the snow, and in the rain ; but I am very contented. I give milk as well as the Cow ; and my milk is

very good for people that
are sick, to make them well
again.

Ha! what is there amongst
the furze? I can see only
its eyes. It has very large
full eyes. It is a Hare. It
is

is in its form, squatting down amongst the bushes to hide itself, for it is very fearful. The Hare is very innocent and gentle. Its colour is brown; but in countries which are very cold it turns white as snow. It has a short bushy tail; its lip

is parted, and very hairy;
and it always moves its lips.
Its hind legs are very long,
that it may run the better.
The Hare feeds upon herbs,
and roots, and the bark of
young trees, and green corn;
and sometimes it will creep
through the hedge, and steal
into

into the gardens, to eat
pinks and a little parsley;
and it loves to play and
skip about by moon-light,
and to bite the tender blades
of grass when the dew is up-
on them; but in the day-
time it sleeps in its form.
It sleeps with its eyes open

because it is very fearful and timid ; and when it hears the least noise it starts and pricks up its large ears. And when the huntsman sounds his horn, and the poor harmless Hare hears the Dogs coming, then it it runs away very swiftly straight forward, stretching
ing

ing its legs, and leaves them all behind. But the Dogs pursue her, and she grows tired, and cannot run so fast as at first. Then she doubles, and turns, and runs back to her form, that the hounds may not find her; but they run with their noses

noses to the ground, smelling till they have found her out. So when she has run five or six miles, at last she stops, and pants for breath, and can run no further. Then the hounds come up, and tear her, and kill her. Then when she

is dead, her little limbs which moved so fast, grow quite stiff, and cannot move at all. A snail could go faster than a hare when it is dead : and its poor little heart, that beat so quick, is quite still and cold ; and its round full eyes are dull and dim ;
and

and its soft furry skin is all
torn and bloody. It is good
for nothing now but to be
roasted.

All birds that swim in the
water are web-footed. Their
toes are joined together by
a skin

a skin that grows between them ; that is being web-footed ; and it helps the birds to swim well, for then their feet are like the fins of a fish.

The Swan says, My name is Swan : I am a large bird, larger than a goose. My bill is

is red, but the sides of it
are black, and I have black
about my eyes. My legs
are dusky, but my feet are
red, and I am web-footed.
My body is all white, and
white as snow, and very
beautiful. I have a very long
neck. I live in rivers and
lakes.

it lakes. I eat plants that grow
back in the water, and feeds, and
leg little insects, and snails. I
and do not look pretty when I
ted walk upon the ground, for
and I cannot walk well at all;
very but when I am in the water,
long swimming smoothly along,
and arching my long neck, and
ake dipping

dipping my white breast,
with which I make way
through the water, I am the
most graceful of all birds.
I build my nest in a little
island amongst the reeds and
rushes. I make it of sticks
and long grass: it is very
large and high. Then I lay
my

my eggs, which are white,
and very large, larger a great
deal than a goose's egg; and
I sit upon them for two
months; then they are
hatched, and my young
ones come out. They are
called cygnets. They are
not white at first, but grey-
ish.

ish. If any body was to
come near me when I am in
my nest, sitting upon my
eggs, or when I have my
young ones, I should fly at
him; for I am very fierce
to defend my young: and
if you were to come to take
them away, I should beat
you

to you down with my strong
in pinion, and perhaps break
ny your arm. I live a very great
ny while.

The Sun says, My name
is Sun: I am very bright.
I rise in the east; and when
I rise

I rise then it is day. I look
in at your window with my
bright golden eye, and tell
you when it is time to get
up; and I say, Sluggard,
get up: I do not shine for
you to lie in your bed and
sleep, but I shine for you
to get up and work, and
read

read, and walk about. I am
 a great traveller, I travel all
 over the sky; I never stop,
 and I never am tired. I
 have a crown upon my head
 of bright beams, and I send
 forth my rays every where.
 I shine upon the trees and
 the houses, and upon the
 F water;

water; and every thing looks sparkling and beautiful when I shine upon it. I give you light, and I give you heat, for I make it warm. I make the fruit ripen, and the corn ripen. If I did not shine upon the fields, and upon the gardens nothing would grow.

grow. I am up very high
in the sky, higher than all
trees, higher than the clouds,
higher than every thing.
I am a great way off. If I
were to come nearer you
I should scorch you to death,
and I should burn up the
grass, for I am all made of

hot glowing fire. I have
been in the sky a great while.
Four years ago there was
no Charles; Charles was not
alive then, but there was a
Sun. I was in the sky be-
fore papa and mamma were
alive, a great many long
years ago; and I am not
grown

grown old yet. Sometimes
 I take off my crown of bright
 rays and wrap up my head
 in thin silver clouds, and
 then you may look at me ;
 but when there are no clouds,
 and I shine with all my
 brightness at noon-day, you
 cannot look at me, for I

should dazzle your eyes,
and make you blind. Only
the Eagle can look at me
then : the Eagle with his
strong piercing eye can gaze
upon me always. And when
I am going to rise in the
morning and make it day,
the Lark flies up in the sky
to

to meet me, and sings sweetly
in the air : and the Cock
crows loud to tell every body
that I am coming : but the
Owl, and the Bat fly away
when they see me, and hide
themselves in old walls and
hollow trees ; and the Lion
and the Tiger go into their
dens

dens and caves, where they
sleep all the day. I shine
in all places. I shine in
England, and in France,
and in Spain, and all over
the earth. I am the most
beautiful and glorious creature
that can be seen in the whole
world.

The

The Moon says My name
is Moon ; I shine to give
you light in the night when
the sun is set. I am very
beautiful and white like sil-
ver. You may look at me
always, for I am not so
bright

bright as to dazzle your
eyes, and I never scorch
you. I am mild and gentle.
I let even the little glow-
worms shine, which are quite
dark by day. The stars shine
all round me, but I am larger
and brighter than the stars,
and I look like a large pearl
amongst

amongst a great many small
sparkling diamonds. When
you are asleep I shine
through your curtains with
my gentle beams, and I say
Sleep on, poor little tired
boy, I will not disturb you.
The nightingale sings to me,
who sings better than all the
birds

birds of the air. She sits up-
 on a thorn and sings melodi-
 ously all night long, while
 the dew lies upon the grass,
 and every thing is still and
 silent all around.

THE END.

